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I with caresses brutes have nurst,  
Which men would die to share.  
" But for this folly, for this fault,  
How hardly do I pay ?  
For dog love had I man's love sought,  
I'd been alive to day  
" Ye maideens all, who puppies love,  
Don't let them come too near ;  
If their mouths near your noses move,  
They'll make you rue it dear.  
" And young men, of the puppy breed  
Avoid the peevish sisters,  
For if their tongues too close proceed,  
You'll find them worse than blisters.  
" And puppies too I would address,  
But that do what I will,  
Or e'er so well my thoughts express,  
They will be puppies still.  
" But bark ! a voice that for me cries,  
And will not be denied ;  
Come see ye maids, how low she lies.  
For loving dogs who died !"  
She ceased—Her form then slow dissolv'd,  
And wasted more and more,  
Grew pale, and into fume resolved,  
Then vanished with a roar !  
In sheets of fire red light'ning flash'd,  
Along the furrow'd ground,  
While peals on peals of thunder crash'd,  
O'er all the welkin round.

NEMORENSIS.

## ALTAMONT TO THE FALLEN MARIA.

FAR from the noise of passion's jarring  
strife,  
With heartfelt melancholy let me stray ;  
There brood in anguish o'er a mis-spent  
life,  
And gain at last the quiet heavenly way,  
With steps of sorrow, shady paths to rove,  
In silent solitude neglected roam,  
There weigh the pleasures of unlawful  
love,  
And call the sinful wish for ever home.  
Curse on the wretch who with pretended  
truth,  
First urged thee on forbidden joys to  
prove,  
There tearing spotless innocence from  
youth,  
He blasted all the sweets of virtuous love.  
Oh ! loved too well for my internal peace,  
Though lost to honour, be not lost to  
shame,  
Be firm, and bid the flattering villain cease,  
Nor wound with more reproach your dying  
fame.  
Remind him of your innocence and youth,  
Your honour clear and spotless as the day,

How with fell aim he wore the mask of  
truth,  
And how you fell an unsuspecting prey.  
Though beauty triumphs in that youthful  
face,  
And delicacy reigns through all thy form,  
Yet lost alike to virtue and to grace,  
The good lament you, and the just will  
scorn.  
Reflect, Maria, on that awful hour,  
When on the bed of death you taste of  
pain,  
Your beauty's vanished like a summer  
flower,  
And the stern king the lovely ruins claim.  
For me, as heaven indulgent will forgive,  
Oh ! may there wandering thoughts be  
fixed above,  
You, ruined nymph, for ever whilst you  
live,  
Shall claim my pity, though you lose my  
love.

October, 1768.

## MARIA TO ALTAMONT.

YOU wrote, and unobserved the lesson  
lay,  
I bade the voice of calm reflection cease,  
Nor cast a glance beyond the present day,  
And bar'd my thoughts for ever from my  
peace.  
At last conviction rends my tortured  
breast,  
While former scenes add horror to the  
gloom,  
With guilt, with anguish and despair op-  
prest,  
I seek the silent solitary tomb.  
Now, now my crimes in dread array ap-  
pear,  
Impending vengeance trembles o'er my  
head,  
Too late I shed the sad repenting tear,  
My peace is wrecked, and every hope is  
fled.  
Will heaven regard the penitential tear,  
When fell disease arrests each vital part,  
Ah ! no, strict justice will not deign to  
hear,  
When only dread of justice rends the heart.  
Oh ! may the happy inexperienced maid,  
Shun the first dawns of unlawful love,  
Reflect how poor Maria was betrayed,  
And let my fate a timely caution prove.  
Though man admires when deck'd in  
bloom of youth,  
Be bless'd with virtue, charm beyond to-  
day,  
Though beauty triumphs, yet endure this  
truth,  
The clay built mansion hastens to decay.

I saw, I loved, was ruined and undone,  
Wrecked for a while my virtue lost de-  
plored,  
In secret pined, unpitied and alone,  
Nor ever sought the God I once adored.  
Oh! Altamont thou blest of heaven fare-  
well,  
Ere this arrives Maria is no more,  
And while you listen to my passing knell,  
I tread the gloomy and eternal shore.

## REFLECTION.

PERDITION spreads her pleasing wiles.  
To draw the unsuspecting nymph astray,  
Awhile she seems to tread enchanted  
ground,  
But wanders far from virtue's narrow way.  
The fond alluring dream at last is o'er,  
A sea of black destruction opens wide,  
A while beholds her trembling on the  
shore,  
Then rising whelms her in its rapid tide.

## APOSTROPHE,

OF THE SHADE OF BRIAN BOROMHU, TO  
HIS HARP.

*Deposited in the Museum of Trinity College,  
Dublin.*

A SOUND as of arms, to the high hall  
advancing,  
Seem'd join'd with bold musick, as nearer  
it drew,  
Illuming the long aisles, what quick  
flashes glancing  
Through every casement, successively  
flew!  
When lo! crown'd with shamrock, the  
wreath of true glory;  
A sword in his belt, with its golden hilt  
gory;  
While spread on a green robe his blest  
locks so hoary,  
Approach'd the august shade of king  
BOROMHU.  
"What changes have been," he exclaim'd  
soon discerning,  
The mould'ring HARP, he moved forward  
to view,  
"Since I to my palace, from vict'ry re-  
turning,  
Wak'd national airs as I strung thee anew,  
Then ERIN was mighty, kept free by her  
king,  
Her worth from all shores, saints and sages  
did bring,  
My hundred bright bards, making youth  
scorn death's sting,  
Renown'd the slain heroes who serv'd BOR-  
OMHU.  
"But ERIN declin'd, and like nations un-  
number'd,  
Submitted to sloth, and to slavery too;

How rudely neglected for ages you slum-  
ber'd,  
What barbarous ages were seen to ensue,  
Base Ignorance courted his own degrada-  
tion,  
Dependence ensued, and the bards lost  
their station,  
The GENIUS of ERIN gave up his laps'd na-  
tion,  
And wept at the tomb of her friend BOR-  
OMHU.

"Oh! worth nought avail'd 'em, how  
oft the false tourist,  
(His hosts ERIN's rich sons, his safe-guards  
her poorest)  
Call'd men the most savage, and maids  
the impurest,  
Whose lives were in heav'n prais'd to  
bless'd BOROMHU.

"I implor'd ERIN's GOD, and he said—  
"Patriot spirit,  
Go, influence thy people true taste to  
pursue;  
Force scorn to be just, and grant wrong'd  
Irish merit,  
Reward still when won—nor will claimants  
be few,  
Hence, minstrels long silenc'd by prej-  
udiced slander,  
In primitive pomp shall my fav'rite isle  
wander;"  
Then to ERIN GO BRAH, that in sweet, so-  
lemn grandeur,  
Awoke on his wild harp, marched off Bo-  
ROMHU. O.  
*Ballycarry.*

## EPITAPH,

ON MISS NEWTON.\*

CAN Silent Wo of sharpest kind  
Extort from apathy a Tear?  
Can pity touch the unfeeling mind?—  
Oh! then approach! But mark what's  
here!  
Wild grief and mis'ry meet thy eye!—  
Sad, comfortless, absorbed in thought,  
A widow sits—a tomb hard by—  
Her soul with bitter sorrow fraught.  
Now catch the interrupted sighs—  
The sounds that falter on her tongue,

\*The verses in the last number entitled "Kitty lovely blue eyed maid," were written some years previously for the same lady whose death is here lamented, what her personal charms and amiable character were, are obvious from these two tributes of the regard of the author, (who seems to have been duly sensible of both) without inserting his note; which if placed where he intended it would have much diminished the effect of his former very pretty composition. That the tomb and the ball-room should never appear together, a moment's reflection will convince his good taste.